The Pocahontas Times.

VOL. XXXVII NO. 14 — MARLINTON, POCAHONTAS COUNTY WEST VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 14, 1918 — $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

FROM SOLDIERS

"Clown" Prince Willie writes to the Kaiser.

On the Run,
Somewhere in France.

Dear Papa:

I am writing on the run, as the brave and glorious soldiers under my command have not seen the Rhine for so lang that they have started back that way, and of course I am going mit dem.

Oh pap, dere has been some offel dings happening here in France. First, I started in my big offensive which was to crush the fool Americans, but dey know so little about military tactics, dat dey vill not be crushed shust like I want 'em. I sent my men in der fight in big waves and when dey got to de Americans, dey all said "Boo!" as loud as dey could holler.

Vell, according to vot you hat always told me, de Americans should haf turned and run like blazes. But vat you tink?

Dem fool Americans don't know any ting about war, and instead of running de oher way, dey came right toward us. Some of dem was singing "Ve vont come back till it's ofer, ofer dere" or some oder foolish song, and some of dem was laffin like fools.

Dey are so ignorant! But dey are offel reckless mit here guns and ven dey come toward us it was den dat my men took a notion dat dey wanted to go back to der dear old Rhine. Ve don't like the little old dirty Marne anyhow, and oh pap! dem Americans use such offel language! Dey know nothing of Kultur and say such offel tings right in front of us and dey talk blasphemy too. Vot do you tink de said right in front of my face? Ons big husky from a place dey call Missouri, he said, oh Pap, I hate to tell you vot offel ting he said. "To hell mit der Kaiser!" Did you ever hear anything so offel. I didn't tink anybody would say such a naughty ting, so I turned and run mit der oder boys.

Vas I right? Vat? And oh Pap, you know dem breast plates vat you sent us—can you send us some more to put on our backs? You know we are going de odder way now and breast plates are no good for de boys now, for the cowardly Americans are shooting us right in der back.

Some of der boys took off der breast plates and put dem on behind but de fool Americans are playing "Der Star Spangled Banner" mit machine guns on dem plates. Can't you help us?

You remember in your speech you said nothing could stand before de brave German soldiers. Oh Pap, I don't believe dese ignorant Americans efer read your speech for dey run after us shust like we vas a lot of rabbits. Vat you tink of dat? Can't you send some of your speeches right away? Dey don't know how terrible we are!

Can't you move my army back to Belgium vere we von all our glory? My men can vip up all de vimmin children vat dem Belgians can bring up.

But dese Americans are so rough and ignorant we can't make them understand dat we are de greatest soldiers on earth and ven we try to sing "Deutschland niber Alles" dey laff like a lot of monkeys.

But ve are getting de best of de Americans. Ve can certainly out run dem. Papa, if we are not de best fighters on de earth, ve are de best runners—nobody can keep up mit us, ven ve tink of der dear old Rhine and my army never did tink quite so much of that dear old river. Let me know vat to do right away, by return Post Office.

Your loving son,
"Clown" Prince Willie.

October 6, 1918.

Dear Mamma and All:

Just a line to tell you I am well and geting along very good, am well cared for although have met many little hard ships which will help to make a man of me.

Mamma, it seems very strange I haven't had a letter from you or sister for so long. Am real sure you have written many times, but for some cause your mail has been misplaced. But all little incidents like this are to be expected. Just as long as you receive my mail I will not worry—See!

So you can be assured I am well contented and meet all little difficulties with determination.

I receive many requests from friends which is almost an impossibility. They all beg me to write, and mamma there are so many that it is actually impossible. So if you will send this letter to the Marlinton papers, possibly it will explain to all.

It isn't necessary to explain my life here in France. But let me say this much. It is all grand and glorious experience.

There is very much to tell when I return, which in my judgment will be soon. So hoping the editor will be pleased to publish this, I will consider it a great favor to my friends as well as myself, and will be extremely glad to hear from anyone who cares to sacrifice a few moments of their spare time.

Regards to all.

Harold Wilmoth,
Battery C., 60th Artillery C. A. C.
American Ex. Forces, France.

November 7, 1918.

Editor Times:

Will you let me have just a small space in your paper and I will write a few words for the Camp Meade boys.

The weather is pretty cold here, especially at night. We had ice here last Sunday morning as thick as a window glass. The cold weather makes the boys feel fine. We have a jolly bunch of boys here. They are always singing or playing—anything for a good time with us here. The boys are living in high spirit, expecting a boat ride pretty soon. We are drilling pretty hard now; we fall out at 7:30 a. m. and drill until 12 o'clock noon and fall out at 1 p. m. and drill until 4 p. m. Then we come in wash shave, clean our guns, and shine our shoes and fall out again for retreat at 5:25 p. m. Then mess comes immediately and that is the most interesttime we have here and the biggest rush. U. S. feeds us pretty good. We will not starve on it though some times we think it is pretty tough, but we are always anxious to get it, believe me. We get slum most every day three times except on Friday and then they give us fish rolled in corn meal and fried with the eyes in them. Certainly we are always roaring to get it three times a day. We were on the Camp Meade rifle range fifteen days. It was great sport shooting our rifles, but our accommodations were not so good; we had to sleep on the ground, and eat on the ground—no tables at all; no fire of any kind of a light in our tents. You could not buy a candle for love or money and we did not have any water but what was hauled about five miles. We did only wash once a day and sometimes not that often. Well it was a pretty good little hike to the range with full pack. Our pack weighed about 65 pounds and our rifles 10 pounds, making a total of 75 pounds. I am proud that none of the Company H. men fell out, but a lot of G. Company men did fall out. I am proud that I am a member of the H. Co. We feel like we are the best Company in the Battalion. I guess the other companys think the same. We hiked back from Camp Meade range on Thursday and on Sunday morning we rolled our packs and hiked to Glen Burnie range where we finished our record of shooting. It is fourteen miles to Glen Burnie. It is a nice place there. A lot of sailors were there on the range Record. Edward Haglegans, of Baltimore City, George Clements, of Atlantic City, and myself went out of camp Sunday night to Glen Burnie church and heard a fine sermon and nice music. We met some fine people after service, and were invited to their home to a social party on Tuesday night, but we were brought back to Meade Tuesday morning and missed our good time. We had a howl but that was all the good it did us. The less you say the easier you get off.

Uncle Sam has given us a lot of good clothes and we are thankful for them. The time is here when we need good heavy clothes and we have got them. Mothers, don't worry that your son is not dressed warm, for if Uncle Sam had given me these clothes before I came to the army he would not got me without some fun for I would have gone crazy, ha, ha.

Well, we took the gas this evening. First we went through the tear gas chamber: we put our mask on just before we went in, and after we found our mask 100 per cent gas proof we took them off and then crowded out at the door. Some were coughing and the tears running down over their faces like their best friend had died: some falling over top of others—any way to get out. Anyone can tell gas I think if he has never been in a chamber. And then we have the asphyxiating gas or clorine gas as it is sometimes called, which the Germans often use with their tear gas. The asphyxinating gas is a deadly gas. If you get sixteen seconds in it you are a dead guy. We tested for gas while in the chamber, and after you smell it once it will not be any trouble to tell what it is if it is ever sent over at you for it has a very peculiar scent, I think.

We had a parade this evening after we took gas. We have a fine regimental band here. Our Captain complimented us after the parade and that made us feel pretty snappy, and then our Major complimented us to the Captain.

This is not worth much but I hope some of the people will have interest enough in us to read it as they glance over The Pocahontas Times.

Mothers, don't worry over your sons for they are faring fine. Uncle Sam treats all alike; he shows no partiality. From a soldier.

Private Mack M. Thompson,
Co. H. 72nd Infantry,
Camp Meade Md.

October 31, 1918.

Dear Aunt:

Just a short letter to let you know that I like my new home fine. It is on Lake Michigan, 30 or 35 miles west of Chicago. We can drill and watch the steamers sail up and down the lake.

The mornings are beautiful when the sun comes up over the lake. It looks like the search lights playing over Chesapeake Bay at Fort Monroe.

I am in the M. T. C. now. I teach men to drive army motor trucks the army way. My hard work is over with now and I will not have much to do until I get across, and then we M. T. C. men have the biggest part of the war game to play. The war all depends on the M. T. C. If we can get the troops, guns, shells, food, and supply the men at the front, the big American drive will not stop until the stars and stripes fly over Berlin.

Just driving a truck is not all we have to learn; we have to know every part of a truck from the bunper to the tail light, and when you get all the parts of a truck in your head, you can say that you have put in some time studying—hard studying too. When we make good we will become N. C. O. or C. O. one or the other. I am trying to make a C. Officer.

I am in barracks this afternon and think I will stay in tonight, for it sure is snowing outside and it is real cold. Tell Anna she can knit me some wristlets and a helmet.

I am well and feeling fine. There is no flue here that I know of. I get The Times and sure do enjoy read ing them.

Give my love and regards to all.

James H. Vaughan,
Co. B. 433 Motor Supply Train,
—No. 3476747, Fort Sheridan, Ill.

October 15, 1918.

Mrs. J. K. Kramer,
Thornwood, W. Va.

Dear Mother: Have not much to write you today, but this will inform you that I am still living. Have been in the Hospital for eight days. Got slightly wounded by gas shell. Nothing at all serious. Will be able to be out again soon.

We have certainly been giving the Hun what is coming to him on this recent drive. Think he will get enough of it before long.

Hope you are all well. Have not received any mail at all since I have been in France, so you know when I heard from any of you. Would certainly love to know that you are all well. Possibly I will get some mail one of these days It seems that it is hard for anything to catch up with a person in this country.

Would like to know if Sterett is over here or not.

Give my love to all and much love to you and father. Will write again in a few days.

Private Roy W. Kramer,
Co. L. 47 Infantry, A. E. F.
A. P. O. 746, France, via N. Y.

October 20, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:

A few lines to let you know I am well and everything is going good. Am in school. We have to put in a lot of hours but the work is not so hard. It is still raining. Haven't seen the sun shine but once since I left England. Sure is gloomy.

This if a great town—or was about two hundred years ago. The streets are beautiful—all stone. Some of the houses are very nice but most of them are out of date. Still they are in a way very artistic. Most of the French, as you know, are ingenious and artistic.

I am thinking seriously of trying to get in the Aviation Section. Don't know if I can make it tho. They have a school here.

Am writing to Roy today. He is probably somewhere close but am not likely to find out where that is as we cannot tell the name of the place we are in. News is very scarce.

Have good barracks and plenty to eat, so on the whole we are faring fine. Don't worry about me and write often. With love.

Lt. Samuel S. Kramer,
137th W. G. Bn.
American E. F., France.

October 12, 1918.

Dear Mother;

I suppose you have begun to think that I have forgotten home, mother, and everything, and really it does seem that way, but you know the Huns cannot be whipped by writing letters, and I sure have done my bit toward ending the war.

Well mother, since I was wounded in July I have been to the front and "over the top" three times and am now in the hospital again, gassed. I was gassed October 1st and for several days was unable to see, but my eyes are getting well now and I am mighty glad of it. I was also gassed in the lungs and a burn on my left forearm.

Was sure glad to learn you were all well and getting along fine. Guess everybody is feeling good now with the prospects of peace so favorable.

Well mother I would certainly love to be able to help eat some of those fine tomatoes you spoke of and that blackberry jam you must keep till I come home.

Tell all my friends hello and give my love to dad and the children and answer real quick. With Love.

Pri. Roy W. Loan,
Co L. 28th Infantry, A. E. F.

Dear Father, Mother, Sister and the Kiddies:

Just a few lines to let you hear from me. I am in good health and hope you all are too. I certainly would like to get a letter from home once again, it has been so long since I have heard from any of you, but I guess I will be getting some mail pretty soon now.

I have been over about two months and I like the country fine. I was first in England and it is a beautiful country.

well we are not allowed to tell much I will write as often as I get a chance.

With love to all. Your son,

Osborne C. Sharp,
Medical Replacement Unit 40.
A. E. F., Via New York.

MARLINTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. J. M. Walker, Pastor.

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.

Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Let these services be a real Thanks giving to God.

The Junior Missionary Society will meet with Margaret Brill, Saturday, November 16. at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is expected.

GRAND JURORS

Summoned for Tuesday December 3.

Edray District—A. C. Pifer, James N. White, Adam C. Moore, E. F. McLaughlin.

Greenbank District—Walter A. Arbogast, Carl Arbogast, D. L. Sheets, Uriah Hevener.

Huntersville District—Moses Underwood, C. C. Sharp, Willis McComb Isaac Barlow.

Levels District—Wallace Kershner John Eagle, Fred Ruckman, Harry Harper.

Petit Jurors summoned for Wednesday December 4:—Geo. E. Moore, Jake Gibson, Geo. H. Moore, C. P. McElwee, Willie Gibson, R. W. Brown, W. E. Dumire, E. J. Shannahan, E. H. Landis, E. H. Wade, Harper Beverage of J. A., Levi Baxter, J. W. Herbert, T. S. Dulaney, J. C. Goodsell, John Flenner, Page Malcomb, J. A. Reed, P. D. Moore, Pearl Brown, Charles Spencer, Irb Beard, G. S. Weiford, E. G. Holesapple, F. G. Ruckman, Howard Buzzard W. H. Taylor, Chas. Lantz, L. B. Rogers, Chas. Sponaugle, H. M. Taylor, Robert Dunlap, W. A. McLaugerlin, F. C. Sutton, James N. Johnson, Ira Clendenen, Davis Auldridge, Frank Young, Branch Beale, E. L. Smith, A. B. Beverage, J. M. Cassell, Z. S. Smith, E. C. Ambrose, Laman Bennett, Auburn Friel.

KILLED IN ACTION

The War Department notified Elmer McLaughlin that his brother Private Joe E. McLaughlin was killud in action on October 10. He entered military service April 27th at Akron, Ohio, where he had register. He was 26 years old, a son of the late Robert McLaughlin, of Dunmore. He is surviyed by his mother, four brothers, four half-sisters, four half brothers. Two of his brothers are how in the service, Arnold at Camp Sevier, S. C., and Guy, with the marines in Cuba.

DIED

Mrs. Ivy May Cochran of Buckeye, died November 5, 1918, of pneumonia following influenza, aged 19 years and 15 days. She is survived by her husband and their little baby, her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Rogers; three sisters, Misses Grace and Mintie Rogers of Ohio, and Mrs Jackson, of Buckeye. She was converted about three years ago and has lived a christian life. The funeral was held in the home of her parents on Thursday the 7th, conducted by Rev. M. H. Ramsey. Interment in the Cloonan graveyard.

Nellie Elizabeth Johnson, little daughter of Bertie Lee and Escoe Johnson, died at her home November 9, 1918, of influenza, aged one year, seven months and four days. She was called in early life, but God knows best. When God takes children to heaven they lose nothing of their value. They are still ours, and hearafter heaven holds a treasure for us which we will find by and by. Funeral service on Sunday by Rev. G. P. Moore and Rev. M. H. Ramsey. The little body was laid beside its father, who had preceded her two days, in the Sharp graveyard.

Garnett Gwinn, aged seven years, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gwinn, died at her home on Drinnin Ridge, November 12, 1918, of pneumonia following influenza. Burial at the Edray cemetery on Wednesday.

A man by the name of Rigsby died at his home at Buckeye on November 10, 1918, of influenza. He was about 35 years old and leaves a large family, all of whom are sick.

Charles Jack, of Elk, son of O. Jack, died at the Weston Hospital last week. His body arrived here on Tuesday for burial.

George Summers Kenney, little son or Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kenney, died November 10, 1918, of pneumonia following influenza, aged 10 months.

Noah Cline, edgerman on the big mill at Cass, was struck by a board last Thursday, and sustained injuries from which he died on Friday. He was about 40 years old, ane is survived by his wife and three children by a former marriage. His body was taken to Elkins for burial.

A Mrs. Shaver, aged about seventy years, died at her home at Buckeye November 10, 1918, of influenza. Her body was taken to Falling Spring for burial.

MARLINTON METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. W. D. Keene, Pastor.

Sunday school promptly at 9.45. For six sundays we have not no Sunday school. Let both the teachers and the scholars make a special effort to be present. At the 11 o'clock hour the pastor will preach on "God—the Home of the Soul." Let the members of the church and the people of the town show their appreciation of the goodness of God in these times of sickness and especially for the closing of the war by waiting upon Him in the services of His house. Epworth League at 7 o'clock. Leader S. J. Rexrode. At the evening services Mr. Keene will preach on "Why I Go to Church." Come out and hear both these timely messages. Special music at both services.

A meeting of the directors and members of the Pocahontas Cattle Club is called to meet at Marlinton on Friday, November 22. The important matter to be decided is the date of the Cattle Show, if it is to be held.

WAR OVER

The Great War ended on Monday at eleven o'clock when Germany agreed to all the terms laid down by the Allied Commander, General Foch.

The Local Board has been notified not to send any more men to camp, but to continue to classify and examine men in the 19 to 37 class.

At Marlinton the end of the war was celebrated by the blowing of whistles, and a general big noise, and at night a community bonfire on the High school ground. Short speeches were made by Judge Sharp, Rev. Walker and others.

AN APPRECIATION

As chairman for Pocahontas County Committee for the fund for the relief of Jewish war sufferers in Europe I wish to thank the ladies and gentlemen who offered their services in the drive, and for their enthusiasm in making it successful. I wish to thank the citizens of Pocahontas for their generous support and contributions, amounting to more than a thousand dollars. "They heard the cry of the gaunt and famished; the lean and weary, the sick and wounded, and they answered the call." May God bless you all.

Simon Schuchat.

Ding-dong, Liberty Bell,
Every day at noon
Everywhere; join in prayer
For liberty and the home;
Make a link in that great chain,
For freedom do your part,
To bind that monstrous prince or baal
Who is seeking every heart.

My heart doth fill, O Liberty Bell,
When I think what for to pray,
But thoughts rise up on the wings of love
'Till I meet God's will on the way.
My pride I give o'er, for peace I implore—
For peace I am pleading each day:
With love and with grace his word doth embrace—
He bids me to watch and to pray.

O listen to the Liberty Bell,
That brings the thought to pray,
It may be warning us to watch
The dawn of that new day,
That day we've longed and prayed for
And sought for grace to tell,
Of the King of Peace to reign and rule,
The day of millenlel.

O harken to that Liberty Bell,
And heed its needful call;
It may be warning us to wake
The nations great and small,
To hasten to the throne of grace,
And meet our Savior there.
We cannot reach that blessed peace,
Until we meet in prayer.

Unsigned.

Marlinton, W. Va.

MARLINTON SCHOOLS

The date for the re-opening of the Marlinton schools has been fixed definitely for Monday, the 18th. All pupils who are well will be expected to attend. Every precaution will be taken to prevent the possible spreading of infection. One of these precautions will be the covering of the nose and mouth during sneezing or coughing, and for this every pupil must be provided with a clean handkerchief. Please do not come to school without one.

Victor E. G. Emery.
Principal.

LINWOOD

We are having some pretty weather now after the snow last week.

The health of our people is real good at this writing. We haven't got the influenza at this place yet.

Our school began again Monday after being closed for sometime.

Forrest Mace was at Cloverlick one day this week in his automobile.

Hanson Doyle is moving to Elkins this week. We are sorry to see them leave this town.

Ed Wooddell was at Cass a few days ago to see his mother.

We are glad to see so many letters from our soldier boys in France.

Cooner Showalter is cutting locust for E. W. Ryder.

The employes of the Union Tanning Company have completed their campaign for the United War Work, and the slogan "A Day's Wage for Each Man" was almost unanimously subscribed to. This netted the splendid sum of $325. The Company then added $100 to this fund, which put this factory well over the top. This reflects great credit on these employes, who have give liberally to all branches of the war work.

Owing to the continued prevalance of influenza in Marlinton and vicinity the Amusu Theatre will not open until Monday, December 2. The Management hopes at an early date thereafter to show the Camp Lee picture that was billed for Friday of this week. An up-to-the-minute Program is promised for the whole month of December. Bring your soldier boy around when "he comes marching home."

H.B.M.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Association of State Highway Officials will be held at Chicago the week of December 2. Hon. A. D. Williams is the acting secretary of this association, and is on the program for a leading part at this meeting.

Report of the Condition of

THE BANK OF MARLINTON

Located at Marlinton, in the state of West Virginia at the close of business Nov. 1, 1918. Organized March 13, 1899. Bank first began business June 21st, 1899.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	538 001 29
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	9 419 99
Municipal Bonds	20 400 00
Banking House	23 713 63
Furniture and fixtures	5 315 75
Other real estate owned	7 305 94
Due from Banks	167 451 77
Checks and other cash items	935 67
War Savings Stamps	63 13
Lawful money reserve in Bank	20 067 92
Expense	10 235 58
Liberty Loan Bonds	54 800 00
Accrued Interest	702 37
Accrued rent	923 17
Total	865 487 61

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital Stock paid in	100 000 00
Surplus fund	37 000 00
Dividends unpaid	40 00
Undivided profit	18 923 32
Due to Banks	2 245 88
DEPOSITS VIZ:	
Subject to check 459 937 84	
Time certificates 80 459 26	
Savings Deposits 82 105 71	
	622 494 71
Certified checks	3 413 70
Cashier's checks	2 264 20
Notes and bills rediscounted	78 000 00
Reserved for interest	1 098 60
Total	865 487 61

State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas

I, Hubert Echols, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Hubert Echols, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of Nov., 1918.

S. L. Hogsett, Notary Public
My commission expires August 16, 1927

M. J. McNeel
J. W. Price
Directors.

Report of the Condition of

THE BANK OF DURBIN

Located at Durbin, in the State of West Virginia, at the close of business Nov. 1, 1918. Organized 1905 Bank first began business December 11, 1905.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	134 893 05
Stocks and securities, including premiums	95 309 58
Banking House	8 305 51
Furniture and fixtures	995 00
Other real estate owned	1 800 00
Due from Banks	13 872 34
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank	14 170 31
Expense	2 064 30
Total	271 410 09

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital Stock paid in	30 000 00
Surplus fund	15 000 00
Undivided profit	9 033 11
DEPOSITS VIZ:	
Subject to check 209 030 87	
Time certificates 7 446 11	
	216 476 98
Total	271 410 09

State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas:

I, E. L. Fenton, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. L. Fenton, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11 day of November, 1918.

N. B. Arbogast, Notary Public.
My commission expires Dec. 14th, 1925

J. W. Goodsell
J. Hall Wilson
Kenna Rexrode
Directors.

SEEBERT

Mrs. W. D. Clark and little daughter Anna Bell, are sick at their home with influenza and pneumonia.

Quite an epidemic of measles here.

Miss Grace Gladwell has returned to her school at Cass.

D. J. Dillingham spent the week end with home folks.

Floyd Jones, who has been quite ill with measles and and complications, is getting along very nicely.

Harold Elmore, of Nitro, is spending a few days with home folks.

Mrs. Hevener of Highland county, Va., was called here by the recent illness of her daughter Mrs. W. D. Clark.

G. W. Clark of Marlinton, was a visitor here one day this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Grimes have moved to Spice Run, where Mr. Grimes will take charge of the school.

H. B. Roberts left Monday to accept a new position.

T. A. Sydenstricket of Lewisburg, was a visitor in town Monday.

N. A. Clarkson spent the week end here with home folks.

Frank Gladwell, who has been ill with influenza, has fully recovered and returned to his work at Rainelle.

A motor party was entertained at the Allegheny Club Wednesday evening. After a sumptuous supper, the evening was spent in card playing and dancing. Thanks to the genial host, Mr Lockridge, a most delightful time was spent. The party consisted of Mrs. G. H. Hufford, chaperone, Misses Anna Conrad, Pearl Warner, Farey Warner, Lynn Witherell; and Edgar Cochran and Floyd Brill. The out of town guests were H. R. Bieser, of Richmond, Frank Moore, of Huntersville, and Wm. B. Schwartz, of the United States Navy.

Report of the Condition of

THE BANK OF HILLSBORO

Located at Hillsboro, in the State of West Virginia, at the close of business, Nov. 1, 1918. Organized July 11, 1914. Bank first began business September 30, 1914.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	154 690 13
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1 485 25
Bonds	8 800 00
Banking house	2 300 00
Furniture and fixtures	1 471 69
Due from Banks	21 013 36
Checks and other cash items	207 92
Lawful money reserve in bank	2 737 62
Expense	2 875 13
War Savings Stamps	3 352 03
Thrift Stamps	26 50
Total	198 959 63

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital Stock paid in	25 000 00
Surplus fund	6 600 00
Undivided profit	4 767 11
DEPOSITS VIZ:	
Subject to check 122 291 13	
Time certificates 14 280 68	
	136 571 81
Bills payable	26 000 00
Cashier's checks	20 71
Total	198 959 63

State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas:

I, J. K. Marshall, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. K. Marshall, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July, 1918.

W. M. Irvine, Notary Public.
My Commission expires July. 20, 1920

G. C. Beard
F. W. Buckman
Geo. W. Callison
Directors.